HIS FAITH IS FIRM

Or. Talmadge Discourses of the **Diversity of Greeds**

EASILY UNDERSTOOD BY ALL

he Advanced Clergy Three is no Coult In His Mind

this morning, after the un the Ecripture, the con-

one new reging in the chareness of these, when it is quite uncertain may of the chargy really do balieve, resem makes it very plain what the of the Brechtyn Taburacie balieves, at was taken from Luke vi. 17, "And a down with them and stord in the

consist or visc liver.

Consist or visc liver.

Con that is what the world wants today or than anything class—a Christ on the si, easy to get at, no ascending, no desiding, approachable from all sides—rist on the plain. The question among consecrated people today is, What is the ster with the ministers? Many of them angaged in picking beles in the Bible if apologizing for this and apologizing that. In an age when the whole tempt is to pay too little reversese to the ble, they are fighting against Bibliolatry, too much reverses for the Bible. They building a fence on the wrong side of road; not on the side where the precipit and off which multitudes are fall-, but on the upper side of the read, so at people will not fall up hill, of which we is no danger.

the earth.
trouble is our theologisms are up in somain in a fight above the clouds things which they do not under.
Come down on the plain and stand a Christ, who never preached a techny or a disacticism. What do you, so handed exclassatic, know about acress of Godf. Who cares a fig about on hisparcianism or your supralapsa-

One says there is too much vinegar in that caster, and ease says there is too much sweet oif, and another says there is not the proper proportion of red peoper. I say, "Got out of the way and les the hangry people come in." Now, our blassal Lord has provided a great supper, and the oxen and the fashings have been tilted, and fruits from all the vineyards and orchards of heaven crown the table. The world has been invited to come, and they look in, and they are hungry, and people would nour in by the millions to this worldwide table, but the date is blocked up by contenversias and men with whole libraries on their backs are disputing as to what proportion of sweet oil and caymen pepper should make up the creed. I cry, "Get out of the way and let the hungry world come in."

THE CRUECH IN DANGER.

The Christian church will have to change its tack, or it will run on the rocks of demolition. The world's population annually increases 15,000,000. No one pretends that half that number of people are converted to God. There are more than twice as many Buddhists as Protestants; more than twice as many Buddhists as Ruman Catholics. Protestants, 105,000,000. Catholics, 120,000,000. Brahmins. Meanwhile, many of the churches are only religious clubhouses, where a few people go as Sunday morning, averaging one parson to a paw or one person to a half decen pews, and leaving the minister at night to awast through a sermon with here and there a lone traveler, unless, by a Sunday versing ascred concert, he can get out an audiance of respectable size.

The wast majority of the church membership around the world puts forth no direct effort for the salvation of mes. Did I may there would have to be a change. I there be fifteen million persons added every year to the world population, then there will be thirty million and stry million

take your turn."

And it will be as in the Johnstown freshet and disaster, when a government station was opened for the supply of bread and it took the officers of the law to keep the sufferers in line, because of the great rush for food. When this famine struck world realizes that the church is a government station set up by the government of the universe to provide the bread of eternal life for all the people, the rush will be unprecedented and unimaginable.

THE WORLD'S TROUBLE HAS NOT BEEK WEIGHND.

Astronomers have been busy measuring

unprecedented and unimaginable.

THE WORLD'S TROUBLE HAS NOT BEEN WEIGHED.

Astronomers have been busy measuring worlds, and they have told us how great is the circumference of this world and how great is its diameter. Yes, they have kept on until they have weighed our planet and found its weight to be six sextillion tons. But by no science has the weight of this world's trouble been weighed. Now. Christ standing on the level of our humanity stands in sympathy with every trouble. There are so many aching hasds. His sched under the thorns. There are so many weary feet. His were worn with the long journey up and down the land that received him not. There are so many persecuted souls. Every hour of his life was under human outrage. The world had no better place to receive him than a cattle pen, and its farewell was a slap on his chesk and a spear in his side.

So intensely human was he that there has not been in all our race a grief or infirmity or exhaustion or pang that did not touch him now. The lepers, the paralytics, the imbedle, the maniac, the courtesan, the repentant brigand—which one did he turn off, which one did he not help? The universal trouble of the world is bereavement. One may exappe all the other troubles, but that no coul escapes. Out of that bitter cup every one must take a drink. For instance, in order that all might know how he sympathises with those who have lost a daughter. Christ comes to the bowe of Jairus. There is such a big crowd around the door he and his disciples have to push their way in.

From the throng of people I conclude that this girl must have been very none-

and all other bereavement there is divise condolence.

Christ on the plain. I care not from what side you approach him you can touch him and get his help. Is it mental depression you suffer? Remember him who said, "My God, my God, why hast thou foresken me?" Is it a struggle for bread? Remember him who fed the five themsand with two minnows and five biscuits, noither of the biscuits larger than your fist. Is it chronic ailment? Remember the woman who for eighteen years was bent almost double, and lifted her face until she could look into the blue sky. Are you a sailor and spend your life battling with the tempest of Geneare him who fung the tempest of Geneare him who fung the tempest of Geneare him to the crystal pavement of the quiet ses.

That Christ is in sympathy with all who have trouble with their eyes, and that is becoming an almost universal trouble through much reading in rail cars and the overpressure of study in the schools where children are expected to be philosophers at

through much reading in rail cars and the overpressure of study in the schools where children are expected to be philosophers at ten, boys and girls at fourteen with spectacles. I say with all such trouble Christ is in sympathy. Witness blind Bartimeun Witness the two blind men in the house. Witness the two blind men near Jericho. Witness the two blind men near Jericho. Witness the man born blind. Did he not turn their perpetual midnight into midnoon, till they ran up and down clapping their hands and saying, "I see! I see!" That Christ is in-sympathy with those who stammer or have silenesd ears, notice how promptly he came to that man with impediment of speech and gave him command of the tongue so that he could speak with ease, and putting his fingers into the ears retuned the tympanum.

Is there a lack of circulation in your arm, think of him whe cured the defective circulation and the inactive muscles of a patient who had lost the use of hand and arm by saying, "Stretch forth thy hand!" and the veins and nerves and muscles resumed their offices, and though in doing so the joints may have cracked from long disma, and there may have been a strange sensation from elbow to finger tip, he stretched it forth! And sothing is the matter with you, but you may appeal to a sympathic Christ. And if you feel yourself to be a great sinner, hear what he said to that repenting Magdalen, while with a sociding sarcasm he dashed her hypocritical pursuers.

"GOD BE MERCIFUL TO ME, A SIMMER."

the same plea.

Commutation of sentence was granted, but how could she overtake the officer who had started with the death warrant, and would she be too late to save the life of her husband? By four relays of horses and stopping not a moment for food she reached the city of Milan as her husband was on the way to the scaffold. Just in time to save him, and not a minute to spare, she came up. You see there were two difficulties in the way. The one was to get the pardon signed and the other to bring it to the right place in time. Glory be to God, we need go through no such exigency. No long road to travel. No pitiless beating at a palace gate. Pardon here. Pardon now. Pardon for the asking. Pardon forever. A Saviour easy to get at. A Christ on the plain!

The "boss" lodger at the East Sixty-seventh street police station is a stalwart German, who employs his leisure hours in the daytime as a dishwasher in a down town restaurant and his nights on the softest plank in the station house. He has acquired his position as "boss" of the lodging room by force of arms, and house of his fellow lodgers dares to dispute his authority.

As is usual among the tramps who seek ledgings in the station houses, they gather about the building in the earlier bours of the evening and await the signal for almission given by the deerman on duty, when there is a rush for the most desirable places on the sloping boards which form the rude outshee provided for them. Put this "bosn" of the lodging room disdains to subject himself to any such rule. He marches into the station house at 9 or 10 o'clook at night, or at any hear that may best suit him, gives a military salute to the sergeant at the deak and retires to the plank which is always reserved for his occupation. He is allowed this extra privilege because he preserves order among the other lodgers, and is at the beek and call of the doorman on duty, running errands for him, assisting him in cleaning the house and making himself generally useful.

When his duties at the station house are ended the German betakes himself to the esting room, where he earns his meals and a little packet money by dishwashing and doing chores. For many months he has continued this mode of life, and seems more happy and contented with his lot than thousands of others whose lines have

than thousands of others whose lines have fallen in pleasanter places.—New York Times.

A Pigpen at Reesomy.

One of the most expensive and we may say curiously constructed pigps as in Pennsylvania, or perhaps in the United States, has been completed at Reconomy. The cost of the pen or nursery up to dite is \$5,000. It is constructed not only on assistary principles, but with special regard to the comfort of each and every porker which finds a place within its walls. It is heated by two large stoves, and the entire pen is covered with a glass roof with proper ventilators. The eating room is separated from the rest of the pen and everything is kept scrupulously clean by two attendants, where sole duty is to take care of the pigs and look after the heating and ventilating of the building. The pen contains 800 as fine young porkers as can be seen shywhere.—Beaver Falls (Pa.) Journal.

Ten in Tablets.

Tablet ten is manufactured in Hankow, in factories belonging to Russian firms. It is made of the finest ten dust procurable. The selection of the dust is the work of skilled experts, the cost of the dust varying from ten pence a pound upward. This tust is manufactured into tablets by steam machinery.—New York Journal.

For Eost to Th.

The Sunday school experintendent had requested all the children who desired to live in a better world than this to rise to their feet, and all rose except a pale, intellectual little fellow who had lately begun coming to the school.

"Why don't you rise, my son" inquired the superintendent.

"They never used to ask us may such ridiculent questions in Boston," replied the little bay, wiping his spectaces thoughtfully and still hosping his sent.—Chionge Tribune.

"Of course," said the critic, "I have taken the worst side in criticising your poems. But they have, severtheless, their good side tee."

"And that is"——

"The side of the paper that's not written on."—Flogende Blatter.

name want to com.

Teacher (helding up a card with the picture of a cat printed on it)—What is this, Jacob!

Jacob (whose father been a cheap restaurant)—A rabbit, sir.—Philadelphia



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